

TWO UNFORTUNATE LOVERS, Or, A true Relation of the lamentable end of John True, and Susan Mease,

Their Lives this Ditty doth relate
And how they dy'd unfortunate,
To the tune of, the Brides Buriall,



At tend you Lovers and give ear
unto my mournfull Song,
Of two that loved faithfully,
yet each did other wrong.

At Coventry in Warwickshire
this young-man he did dwell,
His name John True, a Shoemaker,
and lov'd of it full well.

At Corly did this Maiden dwell,
thre miles from Coventry,
Yet for the love he bore to her,
oft times he would her see.

And comming unto her one day,
he told to her his mind.
Susan quoth he I love thee dear,
be not to me unkind.

If thou canst love and fancy me
in heart and eke in mind,
I will prove loving unto thee,
be not to me unkind.

Thy cheérfull looks rejoyce my heart,
and merry make my mind,
Sweet Susan then love me again,
be not to me unkind.

But John I thank you for your love,
and wish you at home to tarry,
I am too young for you to wed,

Where you do dwell are Maidens store,
of beauty fair and free,
Set not thy love upon me then,
for I cannot love thee.

This answer strack him to the heart,
as cold as any stone,
And homeward freight he did return
with many a sigh and groan.

Wishing that he had ne'r bin born,
or in his cradle dy'd,
Unhappy man to love so true,
and yet to be deny'd.

Quoth he I will see her again,
and hear what she doth say.
It may be she may be more kind,
though first she said me nay.

When comming to the Town again,
he sent for her freightway.
Desiring her to speak with him,
but she did it deny.

Then did he sigh lament and grieve
and knew not what to say
Then did he take his pen in hand,
and writ these words freight-way.

My hearts delight and comfort

Woulsfate that I may speak with thee,
to rid me out of pain.

Resolve me sweetest I thee pray,
why is thy hatred such,
I know no cause unless it be
for loving thee too much.

As is my name, so is my love
sweet Susan unto thee,
True is my name, true is my love,
and ever so shall be.

My love is loyal, just and good,
kill me not with disdain,
Rather doe me the courtesie
to love for love again.

When she had read and understood
his mind and his intent,
She then began to like and love,
and yeeld him hearts content.

John I am thine, if thou wilt mine
for ever and for aye.
It was to try thy constancy,
that I did say thee nay.

But here's my hand, my heart and love
Ile ne'r thee more deny.

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Ile ne'r thee more deny.

and lov'd in heart and voyce,
That he of her, and she of him
has made so sweet a choice.

But fortune that doth often frown,
where she before did smile,
The mans delight and maidens joy
full soon she did beguile.

When she was settled to her love,
then he would change his mind,
And for to try her constancy
would be to her unkind.

And thus resolved in his mind,
he did come to her no more,
But went and woo'd another Maid
which griev'd her heart full sore.

But th he she proved unto me
hard-hearted and unkind,
But now her true love I have won
He bear the selfe same mind.

When she perceiv'd his love to her
not as 'twas wont to be,
She did lament sigh weep and grieve,
and then these words said she,

Fallhearted wretch adieu quoth she,
disloyall and unkind,
And if I dye for love of thee
thou shalt not know my mind.

Woe to the time I did believe
that flattering tongue of thine,
Wouldst God that I had never seen
the tears of thy false eyne.

Hard hap had I to set my love
on one that mock'd me,
Sure all the Country doth not yield
a man so false as he.

Thus was she brought to mean estate,
all comfort from her fled,
She did desire to speak with him
before that she was dead.

Her friends did seek to cheer her up,
and to make glad her mind,
But she was kill'd with loving him
that prov'd to her unkind.

Fallhearted man may never pay
love thee as I have done,
But may my death remembred be
to time that is to come.

And may all Widdowes example take
by this my mournfull death,
And now O Lord receive my soul
to thee I yield my breath.

Thus of the pattern of true love,
thus did a virtuous maid,
Thus did as good a harmlesse Lasse,
as ever love betrayd.

Six maids in white as custome was
did bear her to her grave,
Her parents grieve lament and
no child at all they have. (mourn)

When as her lover understood,
for truth that she was dead,
He rag'd and ready was to tear
the hair from off his head.

But when he came unto the place,
where his true lover lay,
He straight way ran unto the grave
and there these words did say,

Susan quoth he I'll kiss thy grave,
upon my bended knee,
Whereby I'll shew to all the world,
how dear I lov'd thee,

And as he lay upon the ground,
he heard a voice to say,
John Trve if e're thou lov'st me dear
make hast and com away.

Then started he up from the grave,
and stood like one struck dumb,
And when he had regain'd his speech,
he cri'd I come I come.

And thus like one out of his wits,
he rag'd in pittious sort,
That all the Neighbourhood presently,
was griev'd at his report.

And thus with sorrow & grief of heart
he lay a whole fortnight,
But when he had confess'd his fault
he pick'd up his Spirit.

According to his hearts desire,
and as he did request.
They dig'd his grave & laid him down
by her whom he lov'd best.

Now young men all that have trust-
be true unto your friend, (loves
And if you love besure your love
be true unto the end.

And thus I end my story true,
so full of grief and woe,
May never any seek again,
to wrong each other so.

Printed for F. Coler, T. Vere, and
W. Gilbertson,